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APPLES GROWING.

Underneath an apple tree
That a daisy of crimson
With her work upon her
And her great eyes idly
O'er the harvest scene
Through her husband's arms
Near to her, an old maid
Through the tangled grass was creeping
On the branches long and high,
And the great green apples growing
Mead the best of her eyes
With a retrospective knowing
"Oh," she said, "the daisy is
Where, when you and I were
I consented to be his
And our willing hearts were wedded
"Laughing words and peals of mirth,
Long after the sun had set,
Sorrow's words have come to earth
Many a time and place
Thou hadst made me love
Some day, my dear, I'll tell thee
Of the bloom my eyes have seen
Some have faded—some have faded.
Quickly, and with her eyes
Through the green her baby nestled
And her father's eyes
And with sudden joyous glow
And the wife and the mother's
"Still the best is left," said the mother.
"I have learned to live for others."

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montague.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST,"
"JASPER UNCLE'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

MISS BURGOYNE IS INQUISITIVE.
Like one that on a homeward road
Dost walk with four hard feet—
—Consensus.

Pretty was perhaps hardly the epithet to apply to Honore Chantrelle. She was very striking looking, with a dark beauty that seemed made to match with bright colors and tropical climes. She was petite with a dusky, warm complexion and crimson lips, and hair and eyebrows so black as to suggest a mixture of darker blood than flows in European veins. She said her mother was a Spanish creole, which accounted for it. Mrs. Chantrelle, however, "Fired," and she had a quiet way of flitting about in her bright beauty that made the simile not an unjust one.

The "Fired" looked as radiant as her name when Miss Burgoyne was shown at last to the sitting room of the Baltimore one morning. She had been reading to Mrs. Chantrelle, who seemed quietly interested, and for once in her life, almost happy, and the little exercise of using her voice had brought a sparkle to her eyes and a color to her cheeks that showed her dusky beauty in perfection. She was brightly dressed, too—far too brightly to please the fastidious notions of the old lady who here sat at all governments and depositions should be clad in austere looking garments, and never venture to look pretty.

Her own companion was an example of her rule. She went about like a nun, and seemed content so to do. Doubtless it was considered in the quarterly check drawn for her by her eccentric employer. Honore wore a dress of some deep crimson material this morning, and a white flower nestled at her throat which she had just picked up.

"Just like any lady," said Miss Burgoyne. "I wonder at Mrs. Saltaire, that I do. I thought she had more sense. But it is because Mrs. Saltaire has sense, and liked to see pretty and bright things about her, that she allowed Honore to dress in the warm colors that suited her best. She knew quite well when to stop her last taste about propriety in that way."

There could never be any need for that. She was essentially a lady and had a true artist's spirit and taste beside. There could not be anything incongruous or offensive to the eye in her attire, and she could not vie with her mistress in richness of material, so there could be no rivalry between them. Besides, Mrs. Saltaire liked to see her bright and pretty. "Don't put on that dingy dress," was her constant cry when Honore appeared in sober colors. "You look like a firefly with that light gown on."

"No, of course you don't. How can you, when I haven't told you? Did either of you drop a trinket from your watch chain in my room?"

Mr. Saltaire touched the handsome locket which was the pendant to the plain gold chain he wore, and Mrs. Saltaire picked up her bunch of charms and looked at them.

"No," she said.

"And 'No' her husband echoed. Might they ask why Miss Burgoyne wanted to know?

"Because I found one, and I am very anxious to know who it belongs to, and how it came to be in it."

She held the little trinket up, the sunlight shining on it, and looked around. "That locket belonged to my nephew, Bracy Burgoyne," she said. "It was in his possession at the time of his death, and as all his personal effects seem to have vanished, except an overcoat and a memorandum book, I hope to find some clue through this locket to where the rest of them have gone to."

They looked at her wonderingly, and at the locket too.

"It is very odd," said Mr. Saltaire. "You are quite sure it is the same?"

"Quite, and I mean to find out how it came into my house, and trace it."

She did not condemn to show the article to Honore Chantrelle, having persistently kept her back to her the whole time she was in the room, but she turned round, and the girl for the first time saw the object under discussion.

Her eyes dilated as she looked at it, and her color changed with startling rapidity. She looked perfectly calm, but her heart might almost have been beating so quick and heavy were its throbs.

"I would give a hundred pounds to solve the mystery of where my poor boy's things have gone to. Whoever had this has more."

"In the matter of that score I can save you any such expense, madam; it is mine."

She was Honore who spoke, calmly and quietly as though there were no mystery of emotion tugging at her heart—no wild dream creeping over her like death-making her feel a chilliness like death's wing.

"You?"

"Yes, madam. I was not aware that I had lost it in your house. I was afraid I had dropped it in it, and I am sure it is mine."

"But it is not yours, young woman. It belongs to my nephew, Bracy Burgoyne."

"I purchase by another person, and subsequent gift to me can make it mine, it is mine," replied the girl, proudly, and with the same defiant look her face had worn before she saw the trinket.

"May I see it?" she asked, and where?" asked Miss Burgoyne. "I don't think my nephew was in the habit of selling his jewelry."

"I had not the honor of your nephew's acquaintance that I am aware of," Honore replied, somewhat indignantly, and with a dangerous sparkle in her eyes. "That score was given me by a schoolfellow in New York. She purchased it for a trifle out of my second-hand books, and it is a jeweler's store there. There is evidently some mistake in the matter."

"There is no mistake, madam," said Miss Burgoyne, frowning as she could not mistake this locket—my own gift and such a curiosity. Look here!"

She touched the spring as she spoke, and revealed the miniature.

"There," she said, "you see—my own face. I am not mistaken in claiming this trinket as the property of my dead nephew. Perhaps you can give me some information respecting the rest?"

Her anxiety to find out, and the star of admiration into her eyes, and she sat herself together with her satipally to Honore and her anger at her calmness, made her scarcely conscious of what she was saying, and the girl for the first time saw her face and forced upon her.

"I have told you how I came by the locket, madam," she said. "I was not aware till this moment that it was a locket, or opened in any way. I thought it merely an ornamental pendant. If it is yours, please keep it; I am sorry that it should have been in my possession so long. Mr. Saltaire, I crave your permission to leave the room. This lady does not mean it, perhaps, but her intentions are painfully humiliating and insulting to me."

"Yes, my dear, go," Mrs. Saltaire said. Miss Burgoyne is very anxious to find out what she wants to know, and would not insult you, I assure you."

"Yes, I am sure," muttered the intractable old lady to herself. "I'd like to shake her till her teeth rattled," but about she only said, "I am sorry to have given of force, I am sure. I am an old woman, and am apt to say what I think. May I ask you to be so good as to leave me?"

As you like, madam," passing in her retreat. "I answer her, and I never a word, but to girl's change of features passed on her face, and she was startled by the visit of Mr. Saltaire, who had passed them. By the simple minded girl he had conducted herself from New York and statement about herself? I, but her manner was so she had conducted herself some propriety since she had said that she could not see a double life."

"You look as if you ought to," said Lady Eustace. "There had been a momentary hesitation in the answer, as if Honore were going to no one out of the circle of their own family, and yet somehow or another the nervous gentleman entertained a doubt. There were moments when a look would flash into her face, and a word or two dropped from her tongue that told of habits and ways of thinking very different from the calm placidity of the life she had been leading with them and before, as if she were waiting to be questioned, and she looked like a young empress listening to the request of a subject."

"What did you say, madam?" she said, as Miss Burgoyne hesitated how to commence her questioning.

"But that you are saved from a wreck, Miss Chantrelle," she said.

"I was, madam."

"And were in the water some time?"

Miss Burgoyne had heard of the wreck of the Penguin and Honore's escape from her friends.

"And lost everything?"

"And kept your jewelry. Dear me, what a remarkable and convenient accident to be sure."

Honore set her teeth as though to keep down an angry answer.

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